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- 471 DORSET.—Invitation (The); a Locodescriptive Epistle, containing Sketches of Scenery in Wilts and Dorset, by J. M. [Monkland, of Bath], 49 pp., roy. 8vo, 3s 6d  
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*No. Pine Coffin  
From the Author*

# THE INVITATION;

A RHYMING

AND

*LOCODESCRIPTIVE EPISTLE,*

CONTAINING

SKETCHES OF SCENERY

IN

**WILTS AND DORSET;**

ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW,

**J. M.**

---

*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*

*Horace.*

A country cottage near a crystal flood,  
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.

*Dryden's Virgil, Georgics, Book 2nd.*

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of Kings, the Shepherd's humbler pride.

*Goldsmith.*

---

PRINTED AT BASTABLE'S PRESS, BELL-STREET, SHAFTESBURY.

1833.

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TO THE  
REVEREND FRANCIS SKURRAY, B. D.

RECTOR OF WINTERBORNE STEEPLETON, DORSET,  
PERPETUAL CURATE OF HORNINGSHAM, WILTS, &c. &c. &c.

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*My dear Friend,*

*I am actuated by a two-fold motive in dedicating to you this my humble attempt to sing the beauties of our hills and vales. First, as a LOCAL POET, you are better able to estimate the difficulties to be encountered in this path to Parnassus, than those who have never travelled the same road, though, accomplished as you are in the art of Poetry, this I fear will only render you more alive to my numerous errors and imperfections; I am encouraged, however, by my knowledge of your inherent good nature, which, I am sure, will serve to extract the sting from criticism, and induce you to become my apologist, rather than my censor.*

*GRATITUDE is my second incentive, for I never can forget my obligations to you in early life, when, as captain of a public school, and I the junior scholar, you took me under your protection, and sheltered me from many of those acts of petty tyranny, experienced, by the weak from the strong, in this too faithful epitome of the world. I am desirous then, as you*

*fostered me in my early approaches to learning, that you should receive under your protection this, my latest, attempt at letters; I would that I had been a more apt scholar, and had received a little of your inspiration with your kindness, but however dull my poetry may be, my sensibilities feel quickened while I record*

*How much and how truly*

*I am,*

*Your obliged and faithful friend,*

G. M.

DONHEAD LODGE,  
DEC. 20, 1833.

## P R E F A C E .

---

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;

A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't.

Thus writes that satirical and noble poet, Byron ; but, though vain enough to *print*, I am not so presumptuous as to *publish*, and thereby I shall escape being gibbeted in Magazines, and hung, drawn, and quartered in Reviews ; though doubtlessly, I must submit to a certain portion of *roasting* by some, and of *cutting up* by other "good natured friends"—*n'importe*, I have had *my* amusement, may the reader now find his, if it be only "in breaking a butterfly on the wheel."

The origin of "The Invitation" is simply conveyed in the four opening lines of the Poem, so that it becomes needless to say more on that head. When first written, the descriptive part ended with the account of Stonehenge, for having been composed on the spur of the moment, and *really* intended as a *letter*, and not as a *book*, there were many reasons why I should not be too diffuse ; but as the prospects from *Windgreen* and *Kingsettle*, excelled by few in the United Kingdom, demand to be particularized in any description of this neighbourhood, I bethought me of employing my leisure hours in the attempt to weave their beauties into my strain, but still, as my aim is not *book-making*, (having the fear of the printer's bill before my eyes,) I have for the most part studied succinctness, yet, like tyros in general, I have found it more difficult to compress than to dilate. *Sketches*, and those very faint ones, are all I have attempted, and many objects which might have been, and perhaps ought to have been, introduced into the views, are left untouched ; but as each of these stations affords ample matter for a *Local Poem* in itself, I shall consider I have not scribbled quite in vain, if my hints are seized upon by some more worthy votary of the Muses, who soars, on eagle pinions, to the summit of Parnassus, while I only flutter about the base on callow wing.

I have endeavoured, as far as I have gone, to sketch my various views, according to the dictates of Dr. Johnson for the conduct of local poetry, a species, "of which," says this luminous critic, "the

fundamental subject is some particular landscape to be positively described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation."

Much of the local poetry I have read, is couched in blank verse, but notwithstanding I have celebrated *hills* and *eminences*, I felt that this strain was far too *lofty* for me, and that the ten syllabical jingling measure was best suited to my *calibre*, as well as to the colloquial nature and familiar style of a letter. I will frankly own, even at the risk of appearing ungracious, that as *self* (however the good folks of this world may attempt to disguise it, either in their own eyes, or in those of others,) is the *primum mobile* of most of our actions, so my own amusement was the chief end I had in view, and that I "wrote as I pleased, careless whether I pleased as I wrote."

Touching my *rhythm*, &c. &c. I admit that a bottle of ink dashed over every page, might be only *poetical justice*, but in regard to *principles*, I cannot allow that I have written one line "which dying I would wish to blot," though here again I shall be arraigned according to the opinions of those who may peruse my sentiments: Should this little book happen to fall into the hands of the *Papists*, they might be for burning me as a *heretic*—The *Destructives* for hanging me as a *rebel* to the *glorious Whig Government*—The *Infidels* might proclaim me a *twaddler*, and the *very good people* pronounce me, verily, little better than *one of the wicked*, while they will agree, *en masse*, in branding me with that most opprobrious of all opprobrious titles in the present day—A *TORY*! I shall sit however very contentedly under all their anathemas, provided any of my friends, who know the scenes and objects here portrayed, can recognise a general likeness, and derive pleasure from tracing out their particular features, or if those, who are unacquainted with them, take sufficient interest in the poetic *pictures*, to accept this "Invitation," to come and judge for themselves of the originals; at all events, it is consolatory to me to reflect, that however worthless the *print* may be, the *paper* will prove serviceable to some good housewives of my acquaintance,

To singe a fowl, or cap a sweet-meat jar.

## ANALYSIS.

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INVITATION and INVOCATION—My Lodge—Its exterior plainness—Interior comfort—The whole *sans prétention*—The invitation further urged—Inducements held forth for its being accepted—General aspect of the country—View from the shrubbery—Fonthill—Saint Bartholomew Hill—Donhead Cliff—Church of Donhead Saint Mary—Canon Bowles's Cottage—Our Parish Church—Cenotaph—The Church-yard and its tenants—The Rectory—Home Grounds—River Don, *as compared with the Tanais*—Garden, farm, and orchard.

EXCURSIONS—Wardour—Fonthill—Stourhead—Longleat—Stonehenge—Transition to the relics of antiquity in our own neighbourhood—WINDGREEN—Extensive prospect therefrom—Dorsetshire and Hampshire—Isle of Wight—Purbeck Hills—Chalbury—Horton Tower—Critchell—Badbury Rings—Melbury and Duncton Hills—Tollard Royal—Spire of Salisbury Cathedral—Ashcombe—Rushmore—Reminiscences of George, second Lord Rivers—his love of coursing—An attempt to delineate this sport—The Chase—Its extent—Tyrannic laws—Its disfranchisement approved as a lover of justice, condemned as a lover of nature—A simile—Origin of the forest laws—Deer Stalkers—Nutters—The Woodman—Peasant's Hut—Reflections on the present state of the lower orders—Poor Laws, &c.—Sports of the Chase, ancient and modern—False humanity—Apostrophe to Hunting!—Fashion—The faithful domestic.

KINGSETTLE—General survey from thence—A parenthetical digression—Simile—Prominent features in the panoramic view—Donhead Cliff—Spelbury—Stockton—Great Ridge—Wardour—Pythouse



Hatch Court—A *profile* of Hyde, Lord Clarendon—Natural reflections, arising from a view of such a *portrait* in the present times—Brighter prospects—Fonthill domain—Semley—Sedghill—East Knoyle—Sir Christopher Wren—Bidcombe Hill and its bard—Bradley Knoll—Mere—Its handsome Church Tower—Aspirations induced by such objects in the landscape—Parish annals—Zeals House—The loyal victim—Alfred's Tower—Rise, progress, and termination of the Stour River—Glastonbury Tor; an appeal to the bard of BRENT KNOLL, to celebrate with his graphic pen, its beauties, history, &c.—Vale of Blackmore—Duncliff—Motcombe—Shaftesbury—Its abbey, nunnery, &c.—Monachism—Apostrophe to woman!—Ceremony of taking the veil—Vegetable products of foreign climes naturalized in England—Melbury Hill—Windgreen—CONCLUSION.

THE  
INVITATION.

---

SINCE oft my pen with none effect has tried  
By *prose*, to lure a brother to my side,  
The long neglected MUSE I ~~feign~~ must woo,  
And SUADA court, to teach me how to sue.  
Should these means fail, what pretext can I frame?  
A sister's blood must then prefer its claim,  
And she invoke thee from the dreary tomb,  
To view her virtues in her offspring bloom;  
So does the parent seed, when dropt in earth,  
Shew forth its beauties in the flow'ret's birth.—  
My Lodge, 'tis true, can boast few charms extern,  
No shaft Ionic, no Etruscan urn,  
No bold façades the builder's fame increase,  
Nor Gothic arch is here, nor frieze of Greece,  
But the brief space o'er which its front extends,  
May cause your wonder where I lodge my friends,  
Yet, when the threshold's pass'd, with some surprise  
You'll view the various rooms of various size;  
'Tis thus we sometimes, in this world of sin,  
See niggard forms with ample hearts within.  
Comfort and ease are all at which I aim,  
I ape not grandeur, and I seek not fame;  
No Raffaelles grace, no Guidos deck my walls,  
And call to mind a Louvre's splendid halls,  
No park, like RAGLEY,<sup>a</sup> holds my bounding deer,  
No forest glades, like SAVERNAKE'S,<sup>b</sup> are here,

<sup>a</sup> The seat of the Marquis of Hertford, in Warwickshire.

<sup>b</sup> Tottenham Park, in Savernake Forest, Wiltshire; the property of the Marquis of Ailesbury.

No choice parterres, like **DROPMORE's**,<sup>c</sup> rich in flow'rs,  
 Nor the wild fancy of the **ALTON**<sup>d</sup> bow'rs,  
 What need I these, since **WARDOUR's**<sup>e</sup> neighb'ring groves—  
 Fit spot for Venus and her laughing loves—  
 Invite my steps, for unrestrain'd I stray,  
 And with their Lord's kind license bend my way  
 O'er all this beauteous, many chequer'd scene,  
 Its sylvan vistas, and its alleys green!  
 Say, can the owner more? while I may boast,  
 No anxious care is mine, no vexing cost.  
 Ah! spacious palaces, ah! wide domains,  
 Your pleasures rarely recompence your pains;  
 Content is gain! a maxim oft I scan,  
 And little things best suit the humble man!<sup>f</sup>  
 Hail then my cot, my orchard, and my field,  
 And eke the simple stores my gardens yield,  
 Come, brother, come, and share these homely joys,  
 Far from the city's strife, its smoke, and noise,  
 Come and behold the charms our vales display,  
 Mine the delight to guide you on your way,  
 Come, let us mount the hills, and view from thence,  
 Scenes, which in any clime might please the sense,  
 And when we quit **COLLINA's**<sup>g</sup> lofty seat,  
 We'll join the **DRYADS** in their green retreat,  
 Where ev'ry tree is vocal with the sound  
 Of feather'd choristers, which chant around—  
 The balmy air, the country thus explor'd,  
 Will furnish gusto for my frugal board,  
 My cellar still yields wine both old and bright,  
 Which Horace' self might quaff with fond delight,

<sup>c</sup> Lord Grenville's, in Buckinghamshire.

<sup>d</sup> Alton Towers, Staffordshire; the Earl of Shrewsbury's. The gardens are in imitation of those of Babylon.

<sup>e</sup> Lord Arundell's.

<sup>f</sup> Parvum parva decent.—HORACE.

<sup>g</sup> A goddess of Rome, who presided over hills.

And fairer sights and sweeter sounds are here,  
 Than yet have met our eye, or caught our ear,  
 For see ! the hostess greets us with her smiles,  
 Charms by her converse, and old Time beguiles,  
 While bright-eyed girls, with spirits blithe and gay,  
 Lend all *their* aid to chase dull care away.

When gath'ring clouds forewarn us not to roam,  
 Or the loud tempest stays our steps at home,  
 Why, since we cannot wander till it's fair,  
 We'll skirre all Europe in our elbow chair.  
 What tho' no *Bibliomania* e'er was mine,  
 Yet wit and wisdom on my shelves combine  
 T' amuse and edify the vacant hours,  
 With learning's fruits, and poesy's fair flow'rs.  
 My book-room table many a pamphlet strews,  
 And Journals teeming with the latest news,  
 While "MAGA'S"<sup>h</sup> racy columns court the eye,  
 Sound in religion, stanch in loyalty,  
 And LOCKHART'S pen, and SOUTHEY'S gifted mind,  
 To save our sinking country are combin'd.  
 I said no Raffaelles round my rooms were plac'd,  
 Nor were my walls by Guido's beauties grac'd,  
 Nathless, I boast me of my "Schools of Art,"<sup>i</sup>  
 And in their learned jargon bear my part,  
 Thanks to the *burine*, and mechanic skill,  
 "That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will."<sup>j</sup>  
 Canova's glowing forms in vain you'll seek,  
 Or Chantry's Busts, which all but breathe and speak,  
 Yet see in alabaster, modell'd fair,  
 John of Bologna's master-piece is there,<sup>k</sup>

<sup>h</sup> A title given to the Edinburgh Magazine, by old Christopher North and his compeers, at their Noctes Ambrosianæ.

<sup>i</sup> A collection of prints, formed with some pains, and classified, with a view to exemplify the several schools of painting.

<sup>j</sup> Rogers.

<sup>k</sup> The Rape of the Sabines.

While Gibson's *Hermes*<sup>1</sup> justly lays a claim  
 To act the courier to his future fame.—  
 But as a youth should view his native land,  
 Before his sail he hoists for foreign strand,  
 So will *we* make an easy tour of home,  
 Ere forth we sally with intent to roam.  
 With *humble pride*, I'll shew off my retreat,  
 And forthwith lead you to my fav'rite seat,  
 Direct your eye to Fonthill's shatter'd tow'r,  
 Which laughs to scorn the pomp of pride and pow'r,  
 Its only use while yet it braves the gale,  
 "To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

That fir-clad mount which lifts its head on high,  
 And stands alone in nature's majesty,  
 By some, 'tis said, may justly lay a claim  
 To that Apostle's ever sacred name,  
 Who, borne by zeal o'er India's scorching sand,  
 Spread the "glad tidings" through a pagan land,<sup>2</sup>  
 But now the force of custom's sov'reign will,  
 Corrupts its title into "*BARKER'S HILL*."<sup>3</sup>  
 When on its apex, doubtlessly you'll note  
 The driv'ling idiot, with a goitre throat,  
 A wretched object, painful to the view,  
 Who quits his hut, your charity to sue,

<sup>1</sup> A very beautiful little cast, by the brother of the sculptor of that name, whose works are highly creditable to British talent. See his *Mars* and *Cupid*, and others at Chatsworth. The young man who designed this cast, is now studying in Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Eusebius relates, that St. Bartholomew preached the gospel in the Indies, and that Pantænus, the famous Christian philosopher, when there, found in the hands of some of the Indians, Saint Matthew's Gospel, in Hebrew, which was introduced by Saint Bartholomew, and that the original book was kept among them to that day.

<sup>3</sup> I have here followed the reading of the Ordnance and other Maps, which invariably lay it down as "*Saint Bartholomew Hill*," but I am told by certain learned antiquaries, that its correct derivation is from the Celtic, *Beor Coran*, signifying the dwelling on the strong hold, as thus, *Beor Coran*—*Bear Cor*—*Barker*.

For, tho' supported, still he craves for pence,  
 Thus, cunning oft usurps the throne of sense.  
 O ! what a sight is this, proud man, for thee !  
 Praise then thy God, and learn humility.

The horizontal line which bounds the west,  
 So shagg'd with brushwood on its sides and crest,  
 Is Donhead Cliff, which, hast'ning on its way,  
 The sun each ev'ning gilds with parting ray.

The Church by which that upland lawn is crown'd,\*  
 (A striking object all the country round,)  
 To these small confines gives an added grace,  
 Like the dark mole upon a fair one's face.

The orient beams which gild yon calm retreat,  
 Bring out to view the Muses once lov'd seat,  
 For there, melodious BOWLES, in life's young day,  
 Fram'd the soft sonnet, and the tender lay,  
 When with love's fire he felt his bosom burn—  
 That fire, how soon extinct—bespeaks yon urn !  
 For O ! it tells of beauty's early doom,  
 Of fond affection, buried in the tomb,  
 Of Hymen, weaving many a blossom'd spray,  
 Of envious Death, who snatched the wreath away :  
 Memorial sad of earth-born joy is this,  
 Of wither'd hope, and evanescent bliss !—  
 The minstrel bow'd to Fate—then struck his lyre,  
 And yet he sings with all a poet's fire,  
 To "John in Patmos " now devotes his song,  
 And ranks the oldest living bards among.<sup>p</sup>

\* Donhead Saint Mary, or Upper Donhead.

<sup>p</sup> The last poem of the Rev. Canon Bowles, is entitled, "Saint John in Patmos," "by one of the oldest living poets." The cottage is now inhabited by his sister.

Contract your ken to where those chesnut trees,  
 With nod majestic answer to the breeze,  
 And see, just peeping through the leafy screen,  
 Our village fane lends beauty to the scene !  
 T' enlarge its aisles, to embellish and repair,  
 Has been of late our pious pastor's care,  
 And now its head it rears in decent guise,  
 Meet temple for the Christian's sacrifice.  
 A warrior's cenotaph its walls contain,  
 Whose relics lie beneath the dark blue main,<sup>a</sup>  
 He fought on TRAFALGAR's victorious day,  
 When BRITAIN's navy swept her foes away,  
 He fell at TRAFALGAR, by NELSON's side,  
 A hero living, he a hero died !<sup>b</sup>

The churchyard warns us of the common end  
 Of prince and peasant, foeman and of friend ;<sup>c</sup>  
 The weak can there no longer be opprest,  
 And there the weary from their labors rest.  
 Some graves can boast the fondly sculptur'd stone,  
 But more there be, unletter'd and unknown,  
 Where sleep the poor, releas'd from earthly pain,  
 The new-born infant, and the hoary swain.  
 The aged pauper, who for years had pin'd,  
 Is there to parent earth at length consign'd ;  
 The youth, just rising into manhood's prime,  
 Call'd hence, to us it seems, before his time ;  
 The village maiden, late so sprightly seen,  
 With may-day garland, dancing on the green ;

<sup>a</sup> Captain John Cooke, of the *Bellerophon*, who, at his country's call, left this mansion of peace, for all the horrors of war.

<sup>b</sup> " I have also to lament the loss of those excellent officers, Captain Duff, of the *Mars*, and Cooke, of the *Bellerophon*."—*Lord Collingwood's despatches*.

<sup>c</sup> ————— " Sive Reges,

" Sive inopes erimus coloni."—HORACE.

A mother's pangs cut short the thread of one,  
 Who, in imparting life, gave up her own ;  
 Some were the ling'ring victims of decay,  
 While one, by sudden wrench, was torn away—  
 Here let me pause—nor will I further trace,  
 What critic sneers might term, "Death's common-place,"  
 For, true it is, each churchyard can unfold  
 As drear a catalogue of young and old.  
 E'en as I blot, dark AZRAEL points his dart,  
 And strikes some heedless mortal to the heart ;<sup>†</sup>  
 Let us then work "while it is call'd to-day,"  
 And wisely learn from hence to *watch* and *pray* !

Hard by, the Rect'ry stands, whose kindly door  
 Is ever open to the sick and poor—  
 While, o'er the gate is grav'd, a grateful sense  
 Of GOD's good gifts, sweet ease and competence."

When, from this spot, you've made a full survey  
 Of swelling hills, and woods, and meadows gay,  
 I'll next conduct you through my shady bow'rs,  
 Acacia walks, and borders rife with flow'rs,  
 Lead you by ANNA's gay enamell'd plots—  
 Glowing and fragrant are her garden knots—  
 To where the rippling Don with mimic waves,  
 The banks, enrich'd with yellow Iris, laves.  
 O ! how unlike vast Tanaïs' triple surge,  
 Now washing Europe's, and now Asia's verge,  
 And yet in some respects it may compare,  
 In *shoals* and *banks* it's not dissimilar,

<sup>†</sup> It is computed by Sturm and others, that the number of persons on earth who die each hour, amounts to 3,600—each minute 60—and consequently one every second.

<sup>″</sup> Over the entrance, is sculptured this motto, from VIRGIL : — "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."



Both streams as rapid run with sinuous flow,  
 Nor does the mightier river bear a prow,  
 Save when the melted snows from Scythia's hills  
 Rush down, and all its shallow channel fills,  
 Then busy merchants ply the keelless boat,  
 And stores of commerce on its bosom float : \*  
 When winter's storms here deluge all the ground,  
 Then floods our little Don the country round,  
 But now within its confines glides away,  
 And like Time's stream, is never at a stay.  
 Thus on we'll go, till speedily we reach  
 The garden walls, well lin'd with plum and peach,  
 The luscious nect'rine and the juicy pear,  
 And all the promise of the coming year.  
 My gard'ner briskly plies his ancient trade,  
 Well vers'd in all the arts of rake and spade,  
 Yet PAUL may plant, APOLLOS toil in vain,  
 Unless th' ALMIGHTY fructify the grain,  
 And never surely did the blooming land  
 Give brighter token of His bounteous hand.\*

Now to the FARM ! nor dread the weary round  
 Of pastures—meadows—and of fallow ground,  
*Acopica* \* most likely you'll require,  
 T' allay the tedium of my wand'ring lyre,  
 But ne'er will lack refreshment from fatigue,  
 In journeying o'er my "*Acre farm*" and mead !—  
 Yet various produce in a *little way*,  
 'Tis mine to boast, and in my pride display,

\* "The Don or Tanais, divides itself, near Tcherkask, into three streams, and falls, in these separate branches, into the sea of Azof. The river has so many windings, and is, in many parts, so shallow, and abounds with such numerous shoals, as to be scarcely navigable, excepting in the spring, upon the melting of the snows; and its mouth is also so choked up with sand, that only flat-bottomed vessels can pass into the sea of Azof."—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

\* Written in the beautiful and most prolific spring of 1832.

\* Medicines to allay the sense of weariness.

While the rich herbage of a fertile soil,  
 Will claim, ere long, the lusty mower's toil.  
 My orchard, see, is now in bloom profuse,  
 And will, in autumn, yield nectareous juice,  
 If spar'd from blight, and Eurus' pois'nous breath,  
 Which destines oft the tender bud to death.  
 'Tis thus our climate's bane alike destroys  
 Those buds which constitute our hopes and joys,  
 And fell consumption, by its direful doom,  
 Devotes our choicest blossoms to the tomb.—  
 Lastly, my live-stock claim a passing glance,  
 Whose forms symmetrical their worth enhance,  
 My teeming swine of China's far-fam'd breed,  
 My kine from Jersey, and my chesnut steed,  
*His* worth you'll best appreciate when afar  
 He's borne you onward in the rapid car,  
 To *lionise* the many lovely spots,  
 The seats, the parks, the gardens, and the grots.

Among those charms our vicinage supplies  
 May well be rank'd its contrarieties ;  
 Luxuriant vallies, waving thick with corn,  
 Umbrageous woods, which shelving hills adorn,  
 Commons bedeck'd with golden blossom'd gorse,  
 Where feeds the peasant's cow, the higgler's horse,  
 Romantic combs, in whose secluded dells,  
 The rustic in his straw-roof'd cabin dwells,  
 The russet heath, which fern and foxglove yields,  
 And brightly verdant irrigated fields,  
 The thymy downs, which num'rous flocks sustain,  
 And brooks and rivers wat'ring ev'ry plain.

To WARDOUR's spacious grounds we'll first resort,  
 And view its stately house, its ruin'd fort ;

A trophy this of matchless woman's worth,  
 Who bravely to defend its walls stood forth,  
 For **BLANCHE**, beleaguer'd by a pow'rful force,  
 With a few vassals as her sole resource,  
 For nine long days each fierce assault withstood,  
 Tho' harass'd sore, and urg'd by lack of food;  
 Nor did she yield, when twice the mine they sprung,  
 Nor was concession from the heroine wrung,  
 Till reinforcements swell'd the foemen's host,  
 Presage too sure that all must then be lost,  
 But still such terms she gain'd, as suit the brave,  
 Herself and little garrison to save!<sup>\*</sup>  
 Dismantled, breach'd, and shatter'd, all the walls,  
 Alike destroy'd the guardian tow'rs and halls;  
 No longer meet for shelter, still they stand,  
 Proud in decay, and venerably grand.—  
 I dare not lead you, in my devious verse,  
 O'er half the beauties I might here rehearse,  
 And since, nor poet's pen, nor artist's skill,  
 Can "paint like Nature," strive howe'er they will,  
 O worse than vanity, if I should try,  
 With her bright hues, or magic forms to vie.  
 Come then, and *see* her works, as here portray'd  
 In morning's light, and evening's sober shade;  
 Come then, and *feel* with what meridian glow,  
*She* prompts your friend a welcome to bestow—

<sup>\*</sup> In May, 1643, when Lord Arundell was with the King, at Oxford, and the Lady Blanche, in charge of the Castle, it was besieged by the Parliament forces, under Sir E. Hungerford and Colonel Strode, with 1300 troops. The garrison was composed of only 25 *fighting men*, assisted by the women servants, who aided in loading their muskets, and in other services. At the end of a week, the assailants were reinforced, and after nine days' siege, and when two mines had been sprung, one of which had much shaken the fabric, and when the garrison were exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and want of rest, the Lady Blanche was compelled to capitulate; nevertheless, she obtained honorable terms.—*See Historical and Descriptive Account of Wardour Castle; Seward's Anecdotes, &c.*

But to return—altho' the mansion's clos'd,  
 And to the public gaze no more expos'd,  
 Ingress, I doubt not, I could yet obtain,  
 Nor for a guest's admission sue in vain.  
 The noble staircase here first strikes our sight,  
 With dome and peristyle most richly dight;  
 Then ranging through each hall and corridor,  
 The well-proportion'd *salons* we explore,  
 Observe the paintings justly dear to fame,  
 Since they can boast a Titian's matchless name,  
 A Rubens' splendor, a Maratti's grace,  
 And Dolci's finish in Madonna's face;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Vernet's fine contrast in his "Storm" and "Calm,"  
 Now soothes the soul, and now excites alarm,  
 While "Tobit's" form from out the canvass starts,  
*Minutely perfect* in its sev'ral parts,  
 But yet to connoisseurs it seems not clear,  
 If Rembrandt's or his pupil's touch<sup>a</sup> be here.—  
 The Chapel portal opes with *silver key*,<sup>b</sup>  
 This without favor can we therefore see,  
 And well deserving 'tis the trav'ller's gaze,  
 Since none in papal land more pomp displays;  
 Its fretted roof, its sanctuary grand,  
 Its costly paintings, by a Guido's hand,  
 Its altar, rich in many a precious stone,  
 Its pealing organ of the deepest tone,  
 Its silver lamps, with holy oil replete,  
 Its sumptuous vestments, for the priesthood meet,  
 And then the holy pageants here display'd,  
 Th' imposing mass, th' idolatrous parade;

<sup>\*</sup> "Carlo Dolci's Madonnas, in small, are highly valued by the admirers of Polish and laborious finish."—BRYANT.

<sup>a</sup> It is a disputed point whether this painting is the work of Rembrandt or Gerard Duow.

<sup>b</sup> It can be viewed at any time, on application to the Sacristan, and having been endowed by Mary, relict of Henry, eighth Lord Arundell, is no longer a private chapel.

The altar's wants the *Acolytes* supply,  
 The *Thurifers* the incense toss on high,  
 Th' unletter'd vulgar, wondering, bow the knee,  
 In unknown tongue, to heaven prefer their plea,  
 While crafty priests control them with a nod,  
 Bidding deluded Christians *eat their God!*

FONTHILL! which lur'd its thousands from afar,  
 The magnet of the day, the polar star!  
 Is yet as worthy *moraliser's* gaze,  
 As when it shone in pomp and splendor's blaze,  
 Since, like the wanton fair, her beauty gone,  
 It stands neglected, desolate, forlorn,  
 And though so massive *seem'd* this gorgeous pile,  
 Like life's deceits, expos'd is now its guile!  
 No more its glitt'ring *armoires* strike the view,  
 Nor is there left one vestige of *vertu*,  
 But FLORA still, with all her wonted pow'rs,  
 Here yearly crowns the leafy knoll with flow'rs;  
 She bids the rose of Carolina blow,<sup>c</sup>  
 She prompts Andromeda her buds to shew,  
 At her command, Magnolias stately rise,  
 And Rhododendron blooms delight our eyes,  
 While Calycanthus<sup>d</sup> thickly strews the ground,  
 Shedding its musky fragrance all around:  
 These various tribes, with such luxuriance spread,  
 And wave so loftily above our head,  
 That lively fancy needs no mighty strain,  
 To think we tread beyond the WESTERN MAIN!

Now prune your wings, and take a bolder flight,  
 Mark yon proud tow'r upon the distant height,

<sup>c</sup> Rosa Carolinensis.

<sup>d</sup> Calycanthus Florida. Carolina Allspice.

There, legends tell that ALFRED ranged his force,<sup>e</sup>  
 And thence the placid Stour derives its source,  
 Which, flowing onward, laves with bounteous store,  
 Th' embellish'd pleasure grounds of classic HOARE.<sup>f</sup>  
 Here, *Nature* fair divides the palm with *Art*,  
 Whose tasteful hand is seen in ev'ry part;  
 Now in the polish'd temple it's display'd,  
 Now in the grotto cool, and hoarse cascade;  
 It now with chisel moulds the "Sleeping Nymph,"  
 And "River God" with vase of gushing lymph;  
 The graceful Naiad, lull'd in sweetest dream,  
 Thus breathes in numbers, flowing as the stream—  
*"Nymph of this grot, these sacred springs I keep,*  
*"And to the murmurs of these waters sleep,*  
*"Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,*  
*"And drink in silence, or in silence lave."*

Forbid it Taste, that when so far from home,  
 We should not yet a little farther roam,  
 Since scarcely two leagues hence stands fam'd LONGLEAT,  
 Of Botevill's<sup>g</sup> ancient house the princely seat;  
 Majestic pile, magnificent domain,  
 Where all is vast without, and grand within!  
 E'en in such halls, the feudal Barons bold,  
 Were wont their feasts and revelries to hold,  
 And now the noble host throws wide his door,  
 The rich to entertain, and feed the poor;

<sup>e</sup> "Alfred the Great, Anno Domini 879, on this summit, erected his standard against Danish Invaders."—*Part of the Inscription on the Tower.*

<sup>f</sup> Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. the possessor of Stourhead; eminent as a scholar and antiquarian.

<sup>g</sup> John Botevill of Stratton, who lived in the reign of Edward IV. and Richard II. was the first surnamed Le Thynne. He was great grandfather to Sir Henry Thynne, Bart. whose son Thomas was the first Baron and Viscount, being raised to the peerage, December 11th, 1682. The present noble Lord is the second Marquis.

The pious Kenn<sup>b</sup> here found a safe retreat,  
 And friendly refuge from the storms of fate,  
 And many a heart now feels a grateful sense,  
 Of BATH's good deeds and large munificence!

But if my vagrant muse so wide dilates,  
 And with her *pseudographic* pen, relates  
 All the attractions, spreading round our vale,  
 Patience with you, with me will numbers fail.  
 On rapid pinion therefore glide we o'er  
 SARUM's tall spire, and WILTON's sculptur'd store;<sup>1</sup>  
 And at STONEHENGE a moment pause for rest,  
 While we survey this "wonder of the west."—  
 "Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?"  
 And each conjecture ends in mystery!  
 When Rome's ensanguin'd eagles did expand  
 Their wings in triumph, o'er our fathers' land,  
 Then—by the *dictum* of a weighty voice  
 We're told—the mighty conquerors made choice  
 Of this bleak spot, whereon a fane to raise,  
 And offer CÆLUS sacrifice and praise.<sup>1</sup>  
 Some sages say, the stones from ERIN brought,  
 For monuments were meant, by MERLIN wrought,  
 The bloody deeds of HENGIST to record,  
 Who basely slaughter'd many a British Lord.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>b</sup> "The deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells."—See *Bowles's Life of this Prelate, lately published.*

<sup>1</sup> The seat of the Earl of Pembroke, noted for its collection of ancient sculpture.

<sup>1</sup> Inigo Jones says—"Stonehenge, in my judgment, was a work built by the Romans, and they the sole founders thereof. I am clearly of opinion, it was originally a temple, it being built with all accommodation properly belonging to a sacred structure, and dedicated to Cælus, by some authors, called Cælum, by others, Uranus." (The why and the wherefore are given at too much length for a note.)—*Vide "Stonehenge Restored, 1655."*—*Passim.*

<sup>a</sup> Hengist thought it no difficult matter to delude Vortigern by a treaty, whom formerly he had so easily beguiled with his niece Rowena. To which

One, views it as a mausoleum grand,  
 For the fierce Queen of the Icenî band ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Some, that the Britains wish'd with gen'rous aim,  
 Thus to perpetuate their chieftain's fame ;<sup>m</sup>  
 Others, possessing antiquarian lore,  
 Avouch a DRUID'S temple 'twas of yore ;  
 But where's the sacred grove, the holy oak,<sup>a</sup>  
 Which as a God the *Vacerri*<sup>o</sup> invoke ?  
 A dreary plain extends far, far around,  
 No tree, no shrub, for shade or shelter found !  
 Yet this hypothesis I like the best—  
 In my mind's eye, I view in flowing vest,  
 The Druid Priest, whose hoary beard afar,  
 "Streams like a meteor to the troubled air."  
 The mystic egg upon his breast he bears,  
 And round his neck the golden chain he wears,

purpose, he makes an overture to compose the enmities betwixt them at a parley; and the king accepting it, appoints Ambresbury town their meeting place; the prefixed day being come, they all, without delay, met in the aforesaid town, and began their treaty for peace; when therefore Hengist saw fit time for execution of his intended treason, he cried out, giving the word, take your *seaxes*, (a kind of crooked knives, which each of the Saxons then carried closely in his pocket,) and forthwith seized upon Vortigern, and held him by his robe. The Saxons quickly hearing it, drew forth their knives, and fell upon the Britains standing by, of whom, part noblemen, part officers of state, expecting no such design, they slew 460—whose corpses, holy Eldad, according to custom, after Christian manner, interred not far from *Kaer Caradane*, now called Salisbury. In this relation, Giraldus Cambrensis, Geoffrey Monmouth, and Matthew Westminster, seem agreed.

<sup>1</sup> The anonymous author of *Nero Cæsar*, (fo. 181,) gives it as his opinion, that Stonehenge is the tomb of Boadice.

<sup>m</sup> "The Britains, in memory of his great achievements for the Commonwealth, erected a magnificent sepulchre to their chieftain *Ambrosius*, made of great square stones, in the form of a crown, even in that place, where fighting he was slain, that the prowess of so great a commander, should neither be forgotten amongst themselves, who then lived, or left unremembered to posterity; which monument remains even to this day, in the diocese of Salisbury, near unto the village called Amesbury."—(*Polyd. Virg. lib. 3.*)

<sup>a</sup> Pliny, in his 16th book, observes, that the Druids chose only such groves for their divine service, as were composed of oaks.

<sup>o</sup> Druidical Priests.



His arms encircl'd too with glitt'ring bands,  
 And crown'd with oaken wreath, he awful stands,  
 With blood of milk-white bulls the altar laves,  
 The healing mistletoe aloft he waves,  
 The golden sickle brandishes on high,  
 While crowds fanatic rend with shouts the sky!  
 Certes, 'tis wondrous by what skilful arts,  
 These pond'rous stones were brought from distant parts,<sup>p</sup>  
 How, in an age, when Britain little knew  
 The science of the lever and the screw,  
 These giant *Trilithons* were raised on high,  
 By craft masonic, which e'en time defy!—  
 Here, other ancient relics you may trace,  
 A Roman CURSUS for the chariot race,  
 The AVENUE of gently rising ground,  
 And num'rous BARROWS swelling all around ;  
 But for a view of these we need not roam,  
 Since *Tumuli* we have much nearer home,  
 For strew'd o'er SARUM's wide extending plain,  
 Are works of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane,  
 And if you trust tradition's glimm'ring lamp,  
 A walk will take you to "Vespasian's Camp,"<sup>q</sup>  
 And when we call at WINCOMBE's' friendly door,  
 The "Castle Rings" we'll fail not to explore.

When Phœbus gilds with light the blue serene,  
 Nor tempests low'r, nor vapours intervene,  
 Such cloudless skies will tempt us forth to stray,  
 Through the green lanes, and up the hollow way,

<sup>p</sup> Inigo Jones is convinced, that the stones were brought from Avebury.—  
*See his reasons, in "Stonehenge Restored."*

<sup>q</sup> Above Berwick Saint John ; its real title is Winklebury Camp. Vespasian's Camp is near Amesbury.

<sup>r</sup> The engaging residence of John Gordon, Esq. This earth work is attached to the property.

To where two scathed pines forlorn appear,  
 Braving the whirlwind's force from year to year, \*  
 The last sad relics of a num'rous race,  
 They, and they only, now retain their place ;  
 Like these we witness oft a wither'd pair,  
 Depriv'd of children or a lineal heir,  
 The circling group of friends for ever flown,  
 And they in age and sorrow left alone !  
 When to this airy summit we attain,  
 A goodly prospect spreads o'er all the plain ;  
 'Tis said, (I vouch it not,) that from this height,  
 When Sol dispenses an impartial light,  
 At once SABBINA'S CHANNEL † you may see,  
 And SOLENT, ‡ rolling in full majesty !  
 If to the North we turn, we shall descry  
 Objects, which late we scann'd with closer eye,  
 Now softly blending in the landscape fair,  
 And hills beneath us, which were erst in air ;  
 But turning Southward, all is strange and new,  
 And Dorset's downs, and Hampshire's coast we view ;  
 When our sight dwells upon the optic line,  
 Where earth and sky apparently conjoin,  
 We trace that gem of ocean, VECTIS' isle, §  
 Which nature graces with her sweetest smile,  
 Its Pharos rises from the chalky height,  
 And courts the vision with each gleam of light.  
 Far to the right the PURBECK hills arise,  
 Lifting their marble summits to the skies,

\* On a hill near Fern, 984 feet above the level of the sea, most appropriately entitled *Windgreen*.

† The ancient name of the Bristol Channel.

‡ The channel, which runs between the Isle of Wight and the main land, is entitled the Solent Sea.

§ The Isle of Wight.

While their firm bases rest on Thetis' bed,  
Whose bright waves sparkle round ST. ALDHELM'S head.\*

CHALB'RY, thy hill, and HORTON'S lofty tow'r  
Conspicuous stand, o'erlooking CRITCHELL'S bow'r ;<sup>†</sup>  
Nor must the "BADBURY RINGS" unnotic'd go,  
Where Britains first, then Romans brav'd the foe,<sup>‡</sup>  
Intrench'd on high, upon the grassy steep,  
With triple rampires, and with fosses deep,  
There the mail'd sentry did his watch proclaim,  
And at a glance survey'd the wide champaign—  
Some mounts have crests, which wave to ev'ry breeze,  
Styl'd, in provincial parlance, "hats of trees."<sup>§</sup>  
To name each jutting eminence and hill,  
Would far surpass your *Cicerone's* skill,  
But yet 'tis fitting I should duly show  
Melb'ry's bare head, and Duncliff's shaggy brow.  
We overlook one shelter'd snug retreat,  
In days gone by a Royal hunting seat,  
Where dwells a rev'rend friend, you yet must know,  
Righteous, *though social*, kind, with no vain shew,  
His flock he feeds with all sustaining food,  
And mainly shews his faith by doing good.—  
Eastward, a brilliant prospect open lies,  
Which rich and varied scenery supplies,  
And in the deep perspective we descry  
The graceful spire of SARUM rising high.

\* Vulgo, St. Alban's Head. A sea mark, and one of the most elevated parts of the Purbeck coast.

† The seat of Charles Sturt, Esq. and, at one time, tenanted by his late Majesty when Prince of Wales.

‡ "The opinion of Badbury Rings being a British fortress, is probably correct, though it is certain that it must have been afterwards occupied by the Romans, from the various coins and other antiquities of that people which have been found here."—*Britton's Beauties of England and Wales*.

§ Most of the eminences in this country are distinguished by clumps of firs or beeches, denominated by the natives, "*hats of trees*."

But while our eyes these distant landmarks greet,  
 One curious object lies beneath our feet,  
 And ASHCOMBE'S concave the attention draws,  
 Like landscape pictur'd in a porcelain vase.\*  
 Strange it appears whoe'er could build a seat,  
 In such an inaccessible retreat,  
 And as we closer look, it seems more strange,  
 There to behold a spacious *carriage range* !  
 So steep the road, so narrow the approach,  
 Ill would it suit fair dames in gilded coach.  
 All now is razed, no relics can you find,  
 Save one lorn wing, where dwells the lab'ring hind,  
 And ample stalls, where steeds at earliest morn,  
 Champ'd on their bits, and answer'd to the horn.  
 A sylvan zone encircles wide the vale,  
 Haunt of the ringdove and the nightingale,  
 And well till'd fields their tender crops display,  
 While grazing herds make all the lawns look gay.  
 Abruptly rising o'er the greenwood glade,  
 The steepbrow'd heights afford the juicy blade  
 To nibbling flocks, which pace the hill around,  
 And stamp in circling tracks the flow'ry ground.  
 Lur'd from their walks by pasturage so sweet,  
 Here oft the dappled herd would bend their feet,  
 But now no more each hill and dale they grace,  
 Since disafforested is all the chase.  
 Soon will they cease in RUSHMORE park to stray,  
 And crop the thyme, and browse the sapling spray,  
 Forth is the mandate gone, and soon the steer  
 Will banish from his haunts the fallow deer.—  
 RUSHMORE, on yon romantic brow you see,  
 Surrounded with umbrageous scenery ;

\* Ashcombe, once the property of the Arundell family, now possessed by T. Grove, Esq.

The grey stone lodge, it harmonizes well  
 With the wild thicket and the wilder dell !  
 To this retreat its Lord<sup>b</sup> would oft resort,  
 And here pursue th' exciting, much-lov'd sport,  
 Here train his greyhounds of the choicest strain,  
 To win the cup on SWAFFHAM's noted plain.  
 I think I view him with his hand uprais'd,  
 Shading his eyes from Sol's too dazzling blaze,  
 His gracile form, his courteous air and mien,  
 PATRICIAN, in each lineament is seen !  
 Erect he sits upon some fav'rite horse,  
 To watch each turn and go-by of the course,  
 His *Celts* in graceful attitudes appear,  
 Fit adjuncts to the portrait pictur'd here.<sup>c</sup>—  
 See ho ! the game is found, the quarry flies,  
 The eager gaze hounds rush to grasp the prize,  
 Slipt from the leash, how swift, how swift they go ;  
 Like the wing'd arrow shot from twanging bow,  
 Now *Rector* flings his length athwart the plain,  
*Rodney*<sup>d</sup> shoots by—now *Rector's* first again,  
 Ah ! see how close upon her flanks he hangs,  
 But she, like magic, turns, and shuns his fangs ;  
*Rodney* astern, thus has the vantage ground,  
 And gains upon her with successive bound ;  
 Together then they strain their ev'ry nerve,  
 But no—she *ricks*—she foil'd them by that swerve,  
 Subtle, though timid, with one ear erect,  
 Aware, that by her wile the foe is check'd,  
 She makes for yon ascent, in hopes to gain  
 That safety, on the level sought in vain,

<sup>b</sup> George, second Lord Rivers, died July 20th, 1828.

<sup>c</sup> I once saw a painting of this nobleman in the Royal Exhibition, portrayed, as I have here attempted to describe him.

<sup>d</sup> Rector and Rodney, two celebrated dogs, belonging to his Lordship, and each the sire of a race of winners.

But the stanch dogs ne'er slacken in their speed,  
 Nor wind, nor foot, nor bottom do they need.  
 Once more upon the flat, no ground is lost,  
 But with redoubled stride the turf is crost,  
*Rector* streams after, as she panting flies,  
*Rodney* comes up, his flexile form he plies,  
 Alternately they turn and take the lead,  
 The friendly copse far off, when most in need,  
 No longer can she 'scape the jaws of death,  
 But with an infant wail, resigns her breath!—  
 Now clear their mouths from *flick*, their clothes put on,  
 And gently lead them home across the down.

Vast is the woodland tract the chase compris'd,  
 And vast the rule that here was exercis'd,  
 Wide did its bound'ries spread on ev'ry hand,  
 Right being claim'd o'er private fields and land;  
 None dar'd their copses trench, their wastes inclose,  
 Or arm themselves against their antler'd foes,  
 Whose dire incursions swept whole crops away,  
 Leaving the farmer to despair a prey.  
 Each wealthy owner felt th' oppressive law,—  
 Fit only for some Despot or Bashaw—  
 Lords of the soil, they chaf'd beneath the yoke,  
 And ill the ranger's peering eye could brook;  
 At length they gain'd the forest lord's consent  
 To yield his rights on terms equivalent.\*  
 And well, in England's "high and palmy state"  
 It was, this feudal grant to abrogate,

\* "Lord Rivers, by an act of parliament passed in 1828, for the purpose of disfranchising Cranborne Chase, is, from Michaelmas 1829, to receive a clear annual rent-charge of 2,000*l.* for Cranborne Chase only—to dispose of 20,000 head of deer, say 20,000*l.* after deducting the salaries of chase keepers, &c. retaining to himself, free from any part of this rent-charge, the Lodge at Rushmore, and those at West Lodge, Cobley, and Bursey Stool, in Dorsetshire, worth, at least, according to my uninformed notions, 20,000*l.* more."  
 —*Bowles's Hundred of Chalke.*

Against such pow'r supreme, must all inveigh,  
 As far too mighty for a subject's sway,  
 And though a "*vile aristocrat*," I can,  
 When justice prompts, assert the *rights of man!*—  
 Thus much in Freedom's sacred cause, but yet,  
 As Nature's ardent lover, I regret  
 Ought should a single charm of hers displace,  
 Or spoil one feature of her lovely face,  
 Since fairer far she is in wild array,  
 Than cramp'd by Art, or deck'd in trappings gay:  
 Can birth-day belle, in tissued pall of state,  
 Charm us like beauty unsophisticate?  
 Or the stiff whalebone hoop in ought compare  
 To swelling nature, free and debonair?  
 Neither can belted lawn, nor well trimm'd path,  
 Delight like forest wild or rugged rath,  
 Nor the tame herd, confin'd within the pale,  
 Like bounding roes which snuff the mountain gale.

The Muse it boots not here to pause and trace,  
 How to a subject came this Royal Chase,  
 Nor yet to state the hands through which it went,  
 Till the last owner gain'd it by descent.<sup>f</sup>  
 When England's monarchs bore despotic sway,  
 Fierce were our laws, our kings as fierce as they,

<sup>f</sup> In the ninth year of the reign of James I. "The hundred, lordship, and manor of Cranborne, the chase, and free warren, the site and capital messuage of the manor and demesne lands, the profits of the fairs, Castlehill and Borewood Coppice, were granted to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, in fee."—HUTCHINS.

"In 1671, the Earl of Salisbury sold the chase as six walks, and the manor of Berwick, to the Earl of Shaftesbury, for 5,300*l*. In 1672, 23rd of Charles II. the reversion in fee was granted to Thomas Stringer. In 1692, the Earl of Shaftesbury surrendered his estate to Anthony, Lord Ashley, his son, who, reserving the manor of Berwick, sold the chase and its lodges in fee, for 3,500*l*. to Thomas Freke, of Shroton; the latter (who died in 1698,) left it by will to Thomas Pile, Esq. of Baverstock, Wilts, and Elizabeth Freke, for their lives; (the former being the husband of his niece, Arundell Penruddock, and the latter, their daughter,) with reversion to George Pitt, the younger, Esq. of Stratfieldsay, Hants, afterwards Baron Rivers, to whom it came in 1714."—*West's History of Cranborne Chase*.

War all their passion, all their joy the chase,  
 And hence th' oppressive forest laws we trace,  
 For wont was Norman William to chastise  
 The theft of ven'son, with the loss of eyes,<sup>5</sup>  
 But those great bills we found our rights upon,  
 Less rig'rous edicts forc'd from cruel John,<sup>6</sup>  
 Though still the statutes gave tyrannic pow'r,  
 And these continue to the present hour.  
 Maugre this pow'r, and in the laws despite,  
 Full oft the Deerstalkers combin'd at night,  
 Prowl'd through the thickets, skulk'd beneath the thorns,  
 And mark'd their victims of the branching horns.  
 Frequent alas! were then the scenes of strife,  
 Nor did the stag alone yield up its life,  
 The trusty keepers, watchful of their charge,  
 Alert would range, and make their rounds at large;  
 Then, if collision hap'd from such survey,  
 Furious and sanguine was the dire affray:  
 How once they fought, and with what desp'rate hopes,  
 Bespeaks to after-times the *bloodway copse*.<sup>7</sup>  
 Before such acts felonious were proclaim'd,  
 Some gentles e'en as "deer hunters" were fam'd,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> "He formed many forests of wild beasts, and guarded them by laws, that whoever killed a stag or hind, should be deprived of sight."—*Chronicum Saxonum*.

<sup>6</sup> The king was compelled to sign the Magna Charta, and the Charta de Foresta, or charter for regulating the forests.

<sup>7</sup> "The spot where the contest here alluded to, is supposed to have taken place, and in which several lives were lost, was in the parish of Tarrant Gunville, at a gate leading into a wood, which gate, at this time, bears the name of *Bloodyshard*, and the wood within it, that of *Bloodway Coppice*."

CHAFIN.

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Hutchins, in his History of the County of Dorset, observes, that clandestine deer hunting, in those days, was not deemed a disgrace; that many respectable persons followed the nocturnal amusement, (for such it was,) and, if discovered, had 30*l.* in their pockets to pay the penalty, and were then at liberty to repeat their sports the following night, if they chose to venture.



Array'd in "*Cap and Jack*"\* they made essay,  
 Prepar'd to combat, or prepar'd to pay,  
 Their garbs well wadded as a sure defence,  
 Their fobs well lin'd to meet the law's expence,  
 For if o'er match'd, and all their booty seized,  
 They paid the fine, and Justice was appeas'd,

The hazel boughs, now waving fresh and green,  
 Call forth in Autumn many a jocund scene,  
 For here th' adjacent villagers repair,  
 And with much glee their second harvest share,  
 And distant leasers quit the stubbly plain,  
 Trudging for miles with all their household train,  
 To pitch within these glades their humble tent,  
 While Nature show'rs her stores munificent.  
 The swains with crooks the topmost branches bend,  
 The nymphs to catch the falling clusters tend,  
 And boist'rous urchins scramble on the ground,  
 To glean the straggling bunches strew'd around.  
 At setting sun, the daily task complete,  
 In groups around the crackling fire they meet,  
 And while the matron spreads the frugal meal,  
 They husk their nuts, and tell the merry tale,  
 Then turn them in, and nestle side by side—  
 How few their wants! how easily supplied.<sup>1</sup>

Then comes the woodman, sylvan war to wage,  
 And fells the coppices of ripest age,

\* "The cap was formed with wreaths of straw, tightly bound together with split bramble stalks, the workmanship much the same as that of the common beehive."

"The jacks were made of the strongest canvass, well quilted with wool, to guard against the heavy blows of the quarter staffs; weapons which were much used in those days."—*Chafin's Anecdotes*,

<sup>1</sup> Many of the cottagers, I am told, have been enabled to make their rents, in a good nut year, from the product of the chase woods.

In leathern panoply he wields his bill,  
 While drift on drift lies prostrate at his will,  
 The monarch oak he from encumbrance frees,  
 And pays due homage to the king of trees,  
 Giving him space to stretch his limbs around,  
 And fix his roots still firmer in the ground.  
 When brumal frosts forbid the lab'rer's toil,  
 And ploughs no longer turn the pinguid soil,  
 Th' industrious peasant, who, by frugal pains,  
 Has say'd a pittance from his harvest gains,  
 Hies to the chase, his little purchase makes  
 Of faggot wood, of spars, and hurdle flakes:  
 Thus honest thrift he joins with labor light,  
 And finds employment for the winter's night,  
 And while he shapes his gads<sup>m</sup> with keen-edg'd hook,  
 His helpmate aids the scant repast to cook;  
 Meantime the ruddy offspring play around,  
 And gather up the chips that strew the ground,  
 Then heap the fire all smould'ring on the hearth,  
 And vainly think their services of worth.  
 How neat, though homely, is the household gear,  
 And here contentment reigns, though poor the cheer,  
 And when at night the truckle bed is prest,  
 Some rich and great might envy them their rest—  
 Alas! too seldom rural life displays  
 Such scenes as this in our degen'rate days,  
 The "*gentle* shepherd," and the *bashful* maid,  
 Dwell but in Tempe, or Arcadia's shade,  
 And simple joys and manners chiefly reign  
 In Doric numbers and Bucolic strain.  
 What though we hear of LONDON's monstrous sin,  
 Think you the hamlet is all pure within?

<sup>m</sup> Spargads—technically so called—the rods pointed at each end, for binding down thatch.

Are *there* no rakes, no gamesters to be seen,  
 No brazen wantons traping o'er the green?  
 Do only courts and alleys vices yield,  
 Are they unheard of in the grove or field?  
 Some crimes, 'tis true, like nature's products run,  
 And bloom with most luxuriance in the sun,  
 While others lowly creep along the glade,  
 And grow more rank by thriving in the shade;  
 The cities rabid follies, well I deem,  
 No railroad need, nor yet propelling steam,  
 To urge their lightning course from mile to mile,  
 And speed them to each village of the Isle.  
 Now ev'ry MOPSA, ev'ry oafish clown,  
 Affects the modes and vices of the town,  
 Discarded is the russet garb for silk,  
 And MADGE embroiders when she ought to milk;  
 The village seamstress has the fashions down,  
 And gives the latest finish to the gown,  
 And while the farmer growls his rates to pay,  
 His daughter flaunts like any peacock gay.  
 HODGE too, he haunts the *beershop* without fail,  
 And sucks insidious poison with his ale,  
 For frothy demagogues around are sent,  
 To fill the lab'rer's mind with discontent,  
 And many crimes which now our country brand,  
 Are foster'd in this pesthouse of the land.  
 Where do you find the children of the soil,  
 Proudly content to earn their bread by toil,  
 Who boast they never yet have seen the day  
 When they have stoop'd to ask for parish pay?  
 At vestry now, they rather claim than sue,  
 And urge the allowance for their children due;  
 'Tis thus that early marriages are made,  
 And thus a *price for population's* paid!

See too the sturdy, aye, and active swain,  
 Feels no repugnance to prefer a claim,  
 And when employment ceases for a day,  
 Demands, or parish work, or parish pay.\*  
 Time was, when breaking stones upon the road  
 The peasant thought misfortune's heaviest load,  
 But now he courts it as the lightest way  
 Of passing off the working hours of day.  
 Was this th' intent of "good Queen Bess's" laws,  
 In wisdom fram'd to aid the poor man's cause?  
 O! no, their noble aim was to restore  
 The means of life to sick and aged poor,  
 To cheer the widow, be the orphan's stay,  
 And guide the houseless wand'rer on his way.  
 Members of vestries—how misnam'd *select*!—  
 Retrace your steps, these glaring faults correct,  
 To such, your bounty deal with lib'ral hand,  
 But sloth and clamor steadily withstand;  
 Else, as when locusts ravag'd Egypt's plain,  
 No "green thing" in the land will long remain!  
 Toilsome the lab'rer's lot, it must be own'd,  
 And scant his harvest, though he till the ground,  
 But then that lot's made worse by discontent,  
 And one main want is—*want of management*!  
 No class in life, no rank from care is free,  
 Yet small is yours, ye sons of industry,  
 For you, with ready hand and willing mind,  
 A competence, in humblest state, may find.  
  
 Saint Hubert's vot'ries now demand my song,  
 While yet I spur my Pegasus along,

\* I have known men in the habit of earning through the summer, half a crown a day by mowing, &c. and making still more in winter by task-work, in hedging and in hay cutting by the ton, apply at the vestry for subsistence, if *out of work for a few days*; and I have known—more strange—the farmers after much grumbling at the amount of rates and tithes, give in to the demand.

And ere we quit the precincts of the Chase,  
 We'll sports of old, and modern pastimes trace.  
 "The hawking downs" our notice well might claim,  
 Where gallant Knight escorted gentle dame,  
 And where the falcon soar'd on well pois'd wing,  
 Then pounc'd upon his prey with deadly spring!  
 But joys like these let other bards inspire,  
 The pack, the well tun'd pack, invoke my lyre,  
 And O! what music half so sweet, so grand,  
 What strains produc'd by mighty master's hand,  
 Can rival those melodious, thrilling sounds,  
 Which burst in chorus from the op'ning hounds?  
 Or where th' Italian pipe, that can display  
 One shake or quaver, like *Hark!—gone away!!*  
 Heed not those puling censors, who declare  
 A savage sport it is to chase the hare,  
 And vow no mercy in *his* breast has hold,  
 Who hunts to death the robber of the fold.  
 What though some bards I venerate, declaim,  
 The hare and fox I still must think *fair game*,  
 And those, whose tenderness of heart need yield  
 To none, have lov'd the pleasures of the field,  
 While wise, and great, and good of ev'ry age,  
 Stand aye recorded, on the sportsman's page.  
 Say, who directs the fox to shun the day,  
 And prey himself, then be himself a prey?  
 Who wings the roe with all but lightning's speed,  
 To find a refuge in the hour of need?  
 Who prompts the wily hare to foil the ground?  
 Who grants keen scent to the pursuing hound?  
 'Tis Nature's law, and Providence' intent!—  
 Prate then no more, ye men of sentiment;  
 Yet mark these sentimentalists who whine,  
 How well upon a hunted hare thy'll dine,

For currant jelly call, pronounce it nice,  
 And from the back request a second slice !  
 'Tis thus BUXTONIANS loudly rant and rave,  
 And shudder at the sound of "*Negro Slave*,"  
 But all their sympathies so widely roam,  
 No sighs have they for infant slaves at home !

At eve, our grandsires met, the buck to track,  
 They found, and follow'd with the deep-mouth'd pack,  
 For then a-field, and lean for want of food,  
 He swifter bounded through the hazel wood.  
 Then too, soft dews and ev'ning's balmy gale,  
 Permitted hounds a warmer scent t' inhale,  
 And the reviving air new vigour gave  
 To horses, dogs, and men, the toil to brave.\*  
 But, at fair dawn, these worthies would repair,  
 To drive the noble stag from out his lair,  
 For oft the live-long day would scarce suffice,  
 The sharp pursuit to end, and seize the prize.  
 O! then how rang the welkin with their strain,  
 What shouts did echo render back again,—  
 Well pleas'd to see the huntsman rip his paunch,  
 And not less pleas'd to dine upon the haunch !

'Twas here, if true those chronicles I glean,  
 The first staunch fox-hounds in the west were seen,†  
 Till then, a motley group, of various frame,  
 Enter'd at all, but steady to no game;  
 Nor cost, nor labor, did the master spare,  
 To breed with caution, and to train with care,

\* "The time of meeting (for buck hunting) was 4 o'clock in the afternoon, for then the deer were easily found; they were empty, and were able to run and shew sport, and as the dew fell the scent improved, and the cool air enabled the horses and hounds to recover their wind. Stag hunting, being a longer and more arduous amusement, requires the day before you."—*Chafin's Cranborne Chase*.

† Those of Thomas Fownes, Esq. of Steepleton, Dorset, about the year 1730.—*See Chafin's Cranborne Chase*.

Nor dormant long the good effects I ween,  
 Which spring from that momentum DISCIPLINE.  
 'Tis *discipline* that forms the scholar's mind,  
 By *discipline*, the gentleman's defin'd,  
 The soldier brave must *discipline* display,  
 Or vain his valor in the battle day,  
 And without *discipline* the high-bred hound,  
 No better than a recreant cur is found.

The joys of hunting charm at ev'ry age!  
 The giddy schoolboy and the sober sage  
 Forget the task, and lay aside the pen,  
 And a view halloo makes us young agen!  
 The thrasher drops his flail and climbs a tree,  
 The ploughman quits his share the hounds to see,  
 The plodding Cit thus oft doth recreate,  
 And leaves the counter, or the desk, to fate,  
 While the spruce painter will his hobby push,  
 And *con amore* ride to gain the *brush*.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Lawyer throws his musty parchments by,  
 The Scriv'ner e'en neglects his usury,  
 And patients, gasping at their latest breath,  
 The Doctor leaves, for other sports of death!  
 The 'Squire of FERN, though *three score years and ten*,  
 Still cheers the pack, and threads the woody glen,  
 Tops the high fence more youthful sportsmen shun,  
 And Centaur-like, the horse and man seem one!

FASHION! imperious Idol of each age,  
 Worshipp'd by saint and sinner, youth and sage,  
 Thou fickle Goddess, now thy form we see  
 In sweeping train, now kirtled to the knee,

<sup>1</sup> Not only in this country, but also when I hunted with the Craven hounds was it my lot, frequently to encounter in the field, a *splashing house-painter*.

Thy Protean creed extends to Dian's court,  
 And changes e'en the canon law of sport !  
 Our sires of old would meet at rosy dawn,  
 To hunt their game with hound and clanging horn,  
 But modern sportsmen ne'er can bend their way  
 To join the pack, till Sol has air'd the day !  
 With belted waist, capp'd head, and wide cut vest,  
 Our fathers thought themselves supremely drest,  
 No chymic acid e'er their tops made white,  
 Nor DAY and MARTIN gave the polish bright,  
 Tight buckskin breeks their nether limbs embrac'd,  
 But ours in snow-white cords are amply grac'd,<sup>\*</sup>  
 With chests expos'd, to shew our plaited shirts,  
 And fork'd, like swallows' tails, our stinted skirts ;  
 Thus modern Nimrods make such trim display  
 As ball-room better suits, than miry way,  
 Where they may "*galloppe*" o'er the well wax'd ground,  
 And *press their game*, in many a circling round !  
 Satire, avaunt ! let Justice urge her claim,  
 And, oh ! may Justice never plead in vain.  
 What though our youths are "*exquisite*" in dress,  
 In hounds and horses they are so no less,  
 No carpet Knights are they by copsewood side,  
 But gallantly their well breath'd steeds they ride,  
 Heedless alike of ditches—gates—and walls,  
 They fear no perils, and they dread no falls,  
 But dash with ardor down the craggy steep,  
 "Charge the Ox fence," and o'er the torrent leap.  
 No age, no land, could ever yet display  
 The Chase so perfect, as in this our day !

<sup>\*</sup> It has been said, that if a man always wears the same costume, he is sure to be in the fashion once in seven years ; at all events, it is very certain, *old habits* are seldom for *ever* laid aside : thus, in the hunting countries, "*leathers*," so long exploded, are again become very general, and, in a short time, white cords will be voted vulgar !



But see! so long we've linger'd on this height,  
 The sun is hastening other realms to light,  
 Heed not your watch—yon shepherd boy who lies  
 Stretch'd at his length, and gazing on the skies,  
 Is true as dial, or the church clock bell,  
 And hours, nay, minutes, he can well nigh tell.  
 "What ho! my lad, knows't thou how wears the day?"  
 "I think 'tis five, as near as I can say."—  
 Your time-piecer now consult—well, does he err?  
 'Tis true as movement of chronometer!  
 And strange as true, that unenlighten'd clod  
 Should track the bright car of the fiery God,  
 As, step by step, he journeys on his way  
 From whence Aurora opes the gates of day!—  
 Now turn the rein, descend yon chalky road,  
 Or anxious friends some evil may forbode,  
 Speed, speed we must—a hasty toilette make—  
 And then of DOBBY'S\* well-cook'd fare partake,  
 To which the zephyrs on Windgreen will grant  
 A keener relish, than ev'n *sauce piquante*!  
 Anon, a sparkling bumper we will pour,  
 To crown the feast, of WILSON'S choice Latour!†  
  
 Once more, my friend, once more unto the hill,  
 If not quite wearied by my grey goose-quill,  
 For Alfred's heights' must celebrated be,  
 In this my metrical topography.

\* The pet abbreviation of an old housekeeper's patronymick, much famed for her culinary science, and no less so for her worth and fidelity. She has lived in our family more than twenty years, and it is gratifying, even in this cursory manner, to record her excellence. "A faithful friend," says the son of Sirach, "is the medicine of life," and I am sure, a faithful domestic is one of its cordials.

† The firm of Wilson and Cutler is too well known to the admirers of pure Bourdeaux, to need further eulogy from me.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."—*Shakespeare's Henry V.*

‡ King's Settle. It was here, some antiquarians maintain, that Alfred

Pass through yon bound'ry gate, ascend that mound,"  
 See how "the prospect spreads immense around,"<sup>x</sup>  
 Vales, pastures, woods, far hills enrob'd in blue,  
 Burst on the sight, in panoramic view;  
 O! could I emulate a DENHAM's skill,  
 Who paints, in radiant colors, "Cooper's Hill,"  
 O! could I "draw the landscape bright and strong,"<sup>y</sup>  
 But not to me fam'd DYER's tints belong—  
 An outline rough, a feeble sketch at most,  
 Is all I can—is all my Muse dares boast;  
 But, as a frontispiece, or title-page,  
 Will oft the reader's interest engage,  
 So may this humble etching catch your eye,  
 And tempt you on to the reality!  
 Turn we to where the glorious orb of day  
 Starts on its course, through heaven's empyrean way,  
 And round the compass, with charm'd eye explore  
 Nature's fair works, and as we gaze, adore!  
 Strange that *Philosophers*, of mighty mind,  
 Should search all Nature through, and no God find,  
 That men of science, studying her laws,  
 Should still be blind to Nature's first great cause!  
 But these no *genius* own; mere learned fools,  
 They falsely argue from deductive rules;  
 In ignorance far better 'tis to dwell  
 And know but this—*the art of living well!*

assembled his forces, previous to his attack upon the Danes, and not in the neighbourhood of Stourton. Hume states, upon the authority of the Saxon Chronicle, his having assembled his scattered followers, at Brixton, on the borders of Selwood Forest.

<sup>x</sup> The left hand bank just beyond the gate on the turnpike road from Shaston to Warminster, which divides the parishes of Donhead St. Mary and Semley. If the extreme point, on which stands a cluster of beeches, be selected as the station, the panoramic view is incomplete, as objects, in some directions, arise to intercept the sight.

<sup>y</sup> Thomson.

<sup>y</sup> Grongar Hill.

F

Give me, O Holy Spirit, that blest lore,  
 God to perceive—God only to adore!<sup>a</sup>  
 But say, were those—th' illustrious and wise,  
 Who first discoveries made in earth and skies,  
 Were those deep sages *atheists* in their creed?  
 No—from DESIGN, they taught, must all proceed.  
 Witness the father of mechanic laws,<sup>a</sup>  
 Who persecution bore in science' cause—  
 NEWTON consult, the glory of his age,  
 See PASCAL's works, and BOYLE's recondite page,  
 These shining stars, in our sublunar sphere,  
 Each worshipp'd God with holy love and fear;  
 Well may RELIGION glory in her cause,  
 Since all the truly wise obey her laws!

Perch'd as the eagle in his aërie high,  
 Which looks on all below with piercing eye,  
 From this romantic cliff, we'll closely scan  
 The chequer'd scene, how like the life of man!  
 For here, are rugged roads, up toilsome hills,  
 There, flow'ry meads, and sweet refreshing rills,  
 Now gleams of sunshine gild in part the scene,  
 While fleeting clouds obscure the space between,  
 The blended light and shade give each its charm,  
 All sun would daze, and dire would be all storm.  
 See yon vast mount in lonely grandeur stand,<sup>b</sup>  
 While all around is low and level land;  
 Thus, oft in life, some one exalted deed,  
 To break its even course by Heav'n's decreed.  
 Rich are some spots, and thick with verdure clad,  
 Others are barren—desolate—and sad,  
 And the blue haze which mingles earth and sky,  
 Is like the veil that shrouds futurity,

<sup>a</sup> "God only I perceive, God only I adore."—*Sir William Jones*.

<sup>a</sup> Galileo.

<sup>b</sup> Dunccliff.

Nor would I seek a hand that veil to raise,  
Which hides the story of my after days !—

DONHEAD's rough cliff in profile breaks between,  
Where, in grey tint, the eastern offskip's seen,  
SPELB'RY's castrensian valla there appear,  
The scarps abruptly rising tier o'er tier ;  
Those ramparts, now, which hostile bands withstood,  
Are grazed by timid sheep, or clothed with wood.\*  
The works of STOCKTON, once a British vill,  
Join'd to GREAT RIDGE's thickly tufted hill,  
Stretch their long line, th' horizon widely bound,  
And grace the landscape with a rich back ground,  
While in mid distance, as it peeps between,  
In lucid demi tints is WARDOUR seen.  
The next grand scenic feature in the view—  
As thus the pleasing survey we pursue—  
Is PYTHOUSE, standing midst encircling groves,  
Whose blending foliage to each zephyr moves :  
This Grecian pile rests midway up th' ascent,  
And for its classic taste is eminent.<sup>d</sup>—  
The neighb'ring fabric, which in ruin lies,\*  
A striking contrast to this seat supplies,  
And, as the winds through halls deserted blow,  
Proclaims the vanity of all below.  
Here dwelt<sup>f</sup> a British worthy, whose great name  
Stands high upon our country's roll of fame,

\* Castle Ditches. Sir Richard Hoare considers this the ancient Spelbury. The intrenchment consists of a treble ditch and rampart, ranged in the form of an irregular triangle ; the circuit of the outer vallum is seven furlongs, eighty-eight yards, and each rampart measures forty feet in height, on the scarp side. Thick woods cover three-fourths of the whole circumference.

<sup>d</sup> The residence of John Benett, Esq. M. P. for South Wilts.

\* Hatch Court.

<sup>f</sup> Vide Charles Bowles's Hundred of Chalke, page 50.

The upright CLARENDON ! a statesman just,  
 Who held a King's and nation's weal in trust,  
 And with nice balance weigh'd the monarch's cause,  
 While he maintain'd the people's rights and laws ;  
 Like Marcus Curtius, in the gap he stood,  
 And, to his own, preferr'd his country's good ;  
 Forc'd into exile, still his zeal he prov'd,  
 And trac'd the records of the land he lov'd.\*  
 O ! that some Clarendon would now arise,  
 As great, as good, as noble, just, and wise,  
 To save our country, and set England free  
 From Statesmen—slaves to popularity—  
 Mark well the course our Ministers pursue,  
 All our wise sires have done, they now undo,  
 Break down the ancient bulwarks of the State,  
 To meet the cry—"REFORM and RENOVATE"—  
 They cling to office from vile lust of pelf,  
 The Realm they sacrifice to love of self ;  
 King, Lords, Church, Colonies, a common prey  
 Are yielded up to democratic sway ;  
 With little wisdom, and with less of soul,  
 They've rais'd a tempest they cannot control :  
 This once blest clime seems now to bear the brand  
 Of wrath divine, and Heaven's avenging hand.  
 Say, where is Tyre ? where Carthage ? what is Rome ?  
 The same sad fate ere long must be our doom,  
 Unless omniscient mercy interpose,  
 To mar the projects of intestine foes.

Turn we to brighter views, where Nature's smile  
 Still gilds the features of our fertile isle,  
 Its blooming valleys and its downs so fair,  
 Where Pan himself might tend the fleecy care.

\* See Hume, Granger, Walpole, &c.

Though Fonthill's lofty tow'r no more is seen,  
 Yet still its groves expand, its lawns are green ;  
 Semley, in many a rural charm looks gay,  
 And Sedghill glistens in the sun's bright ray.

Beneath the brow of yonder distant hill,  
 (Where waves its giant arms the busy mill,)  
 First breath'd the founder of that mighty dome,  
 No rival owning save in classic Rome ;  
 Stupendous monument of Wren's just fame,  
 At once a nation's glory and its shame.<sup>a</sup>

Behold, where airy Bidcombe rears on high  
 Its crested head, which seems to touch the sky ;  
 Haply thy bard is standing even now  
 Rapt in poetic vision on thy brow,  
 Weaving fresh *garlands* for the *shepherd* swain,  
 Or musing o'er new themes for local strain ;  
 Whene'er he tunes his lute, or strikes his lyre,  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, the chords respire!<sup>b</sup>

Bradley's high knoll soars far above the rest,  
 A thick plantation bristling on its breast,  
 An index this, by which we can define  
 Where stands the house of Seymour's ancient line.<sup>c</sup>

In the low vale, where wreaths of smoke appear,  
 See the small town of once important Mere,

<sup>a</sup> Sir Christopher Wren was born at East Knoyle, of which parish his father was rector. The salary he received, as architect of St. Paul's, was only 200*l.* and, during the last years of his superintendence, a moiety of this pittance, upon some frivolous pretext, was withheld.

<sup>b</sup> "The Shepherd's Garland," and "Bidcombe Hill," are the poetical productions of the friend to whom I dedicate this my attempt (*hand passibus æquis*) at "Metrical Topography."

<sup>c</sup> Bradley House, in the parish of Maiden Bradley, the old family residence of the Dukes of Somerset.

Though fall'n its fortress, still the proud base shews  
 How it could guard its friends, and awe its foes.  
 Then to its mart rich merchants lent their aid,  
 But lost its traffic now, and sunk its trade;<sup>\*</sup>  
 The statesman then the senator would greet,  
 And serfs and courtiers mingle in the street.  
 As from its angles rise the slender spires,  
 Saint Michael's holy tow'r fresh grace acquires,  
 And lends the picture soft, another charm,  
 Our eyes to gratify, our hearts to warm.  
 O! may these shrines for ever favor'd stand,  
 The beauty, boast, and safeguards of our land,  
 Long may such temples, throng'd by rustic swains,  
 Resound with pray'r, and praise, and hallow'd strains.  
 Spread thy broad shield, O thou Almighty pow'r!  
 Our altars guard in danger's trying hour,  
 Diffuse thy healing balm, and yet assuage  
 Sectarian malice and the sceptic's rage,  
 But, above all, O save us from the sin!  
 Of *treach'rous friends*, who menace from within,  
 Prove it thy church in ev'ry adverse gale,  
 'Gainst which the gates of Hell shall not prevail.—  
 The parish annals boast some names of note,  
 Which loftier Muse than mine might deign to quote,  
 Eccentric HANWORTH, fam'd in Charles's Court,  
 Who ap'd the Spaniards garb and solemn port,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> In the reign of Henry III. this was a Lordship given to the Earl of Cornwall, second son of King John, and brother of the reigning monarch, who here built a castle, which occupied the summit of an adjoining hill. The town is said to have been formerly of considerable importance; it carried on much commerce, though now it has only a small manufactory of dowlas, and has undoubtedly possessed a market from a very remote period.—See Sir R. C. Hoare's *Hundred of Mere*, and Britton's *Beauties*, &c.

<sup>1</sup> "Francis, Lord Cottington, Baron Hanworth, a celebrated statesman in the reign of Charles I. having passed much of his life in Spain, he obtained an accurate knowledge of the Spanish character and language, and is said to have affected the garb and grave deportment of that nation."—*For a further account, see Granger's Biographical History, and Birch's Lives of Illustrious Persons.*

And POTTER,<sup>m</sup> gifted with hydraulic skill,  
 Who led the liquid element at will,  
 And as he forc'd the welling spring to mount,  
 And drew the waters from their crystal fount,  
 The bold experiment he feign would try,  
 To fill anew each vein and artery,  
 Extract the morbid current from the heart,  
 And to the dying wretch new life impart;  
 'Twas thus Medea pour'd th' enchanted flood,  
 And fill'd old Æson's veins with youthful blood!

At ZEALS (whose antiquated front displays  
 The gothic residence of former days,  
 And the white summer-house attracts the sight,  
 Like wreath of snow unsunn'd on mountain height,)  
 There dwelt a patriot of undaunted soul,  
 "For law and king," the legend on his scroll,  
 And well he claims posterity's applause,  
 Who brav'd the axe in Royal CHARLES'S cause."

Again, the monument of Alfred's fame  
 Arrests our ken, and calls forth our acclaim,  
 And, as the Saxon king brav'd all his foes,  
 So ev'ry storm can this firm tow'r oppose.\*

<sup>m</sup> "Francis Potter, celebrated for his mechanical inventions, and ingenious writings. Several valuable discoveries relative to the construction of hydraulic machines, were made by this divine, and the notion of curing diseases by the transfusion of blood from one individual to another, was also attributed to him."—See *Magna Britannia*, and *Letters written by eminent persons in the 17th and 18th centuries*, edited by John Aubrey.

\* HUGH GROVE was beheaded at Exeter, by order of the *Protector*, for attempting to make a stand in defence of his Royal master. The motto he selected was, "*Pro lege et Rege*."—See *Sir R. C. Hoare's Hundred of Mere*.

\* ALFRED'S TOWER stands on one of the most exposed situations in the kingdom, being the highest ground between this and the coast of Wales, and is therefore built in a triangular form to break the force of the wind.—*Sir R. C. Hoare's Hundred of Mere*.



When the stern Norman came in iron vest,  
 To claim, as conqu'ror, homage from the west,  
 Then mitred abbot, lord, and proud grandee,  
 To STOURTON throng'd, and bent the suppliant knee.\*  
 In fancy's eye, we trace the pageant file,  
 And people all the scene with groups the while;  
 Thus skilful artists, masters of design,  
 With landscapes bright the human form combine,  
 And thus, though fair our prospect may appear,  
 Historic records make it doubly dear.—  
 From six small founts the STOUR derives its birth,<sup>†</sup>  
 Seen for an instant—lost again in earth,  
 But soon converging, these bring all their aid  
 To feed the pond, the lake, and prone cascade.  
 Bidding adieu to WILTSHIRE's genial dales,  
 STOUR takes a southern course, through DORSET's vales;  
 Now swift, now slow, between its banks it flows,  
 And on th' adjacent vills its name bestows,  
 Here, may the patient angler take his stand,  
 His baits prepar'd, his pliant rod in hand,  
 Secure to crown his toils with ample sport,  
 Since to these waters shoals of fish resort.  
 Gregarious perch, to seize the hook, are bold,  
 Rapacious pike, bedeck'd with green and gold,

\* “After the victory at *Battle*, William the Conqueror came in person into the west to receive their condition; thus the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury, and the rest of the Lords and Grandees of the western parts, waited upon the Conqueror at Stourton House.”—*Sir R. C. Hoare's Hundred of Mere*.

† “The Stour rises out of six fountains, or springs, and is conveyed under ground for some distance, and then forms four fish ponds of different levels, and then contributes its stream to a spacious lake of twenty acres, its superfluous waters forming a cascade, &c. It soon enters Dorsetshire, and takes a southern direction, giving the name of Stour to several villages, and to Sturminster, on its line, till it makes the town of Blandford, where its surface being enlarged, it forms a handsome feature in the grounds of Mr. Portman, at Bryanstone. It now inclines more towards the east, and, passing south of Wimbourne, quits the county of Dorset, which it had traversed, and enters that of Hants, somewhat to the east of the village of Kingstone, from whence it directs its course to Christchurch, where it approximates to the river Avon, coming from Salisbury, and empties its waters into the sea.”—*Ibid*.

Trout, sprinkled o'er with spots of crimson dye,  
 Dart from the sedge, and gorge the treach'rous fly.  
 On beds of ooze the slimy eels repose,  
 And *healing* tench, secure from wat'ry foes ;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Abundant these, and of delicious kind,  
 To soothe his palate, will the *gourmand* find !<sup>\*</sup>  
 Now, rolling forward in its course again,  
 It forms in BRYANSTONE a liquid plain,  
 And adds a charm to hill, and vale, and tree,  
 And all that's lov'd by Nature's devotee.  
 Eastward from hence, it bends its devious way  
 Through HANTS, the tributary debt to pay ;  
 Its sinuous waters, winding through the plain,  
 Then AVON join, and rush into the main.

Deep in the distance, and full oft unseen,  
 Unless by practis'd eye, or vision keen,  
 Stands on its conic mount, that TOR renown'd,  
 The first for pray'r uprais'd on Britain's ground.<sup>\*</sup>  
 Amid the *glassy isle*,<sup>†</sup> a land mark high,  
 It seems the blasts of fortune to defy !  
 How many recollections crowd my mind !  
 Far more than space to give them vent, I find ;

<sup>\*</sup> "By some, the tench is termed the physician of the fish, in consequence of a tradition, that the *slime* is so healing, that the wounded apply it as a remedy, and that even the pike will spare the tench, on account of its healing powers."—*Daniel's Rural Sports*, vol. 2. part 1.

<sup>†</sup> "The Stour is peculiar, not only for the *large quantities*, but for the *goodness and delicious flavor of its tench and eels*. There are trout, good pike, perch and other fish, in these rivers."—*Ibid*.

<sup>\*</sup> St. Joseph is said to have erected here the first Christian oratory in England. St. Phaganus and Diruvianus, two legates of Pope Eleutherius, we are told, erected the Tor for this purpose also, and dedicated it to St. Michael, which was re-edified by St. Patrick, and beautified by some of his successors.—*See Collinson's Typographical History of Somerset*.

<sup>†</sup> "The Isle of Glaston, or Glassy Island. This vale is also called Avalon, or the Isle of Apples."—*Ibid*.

But, since the novelist here found a theme,  
 Well might it exercise the poet's dream :  
 Let BRENT's descriptive bard resume his shell,  
 And raise the song he can attune so well ;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Strike then, and sing the Abbey's fretted walls,  
 Its gorgeous chapel,<sup>\*</sup> and its sumptuous halls ;  
 Sing of the space within its circling bounds,  
 Its former wealth, and pow'r, and wide spread grounds ;  
 Sing of the haughty Abbots who bore sway,  
 And of those deeds which shunn'd the eye of day,  
 Of holy monks, who pray'd the live-long night,  
 Of bloated priests, who pamper'd appetite,  
 Of friars, cloth'd in meek religion's vest,  
 While heart of pride was swelling in their breast,  
 Then point to that last Abbot's direful fate,  
 Who sank beneath a lawless tyrant's hate ;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Sing of the thorn, which buds and blooms so gay,  
 In the bleak season of Christ's natal day ;  
 Sing of the grave where ~~Arthur~~<sup>Aslan</sup> lies interr'd,  
 Who fell beneath the Paynim's blood-stain'd sword ;<sup>\*</sup>  
 Then tell how CHRONOS executes his doom  
 Alike on Churchman's pride and monarch's tomb !—

<sup>\*</sup> The Rev. Harry Farr Yeatman, author of a poem of much merit, entitled, "BRENT KNOLL," (a conspicuous eminence in Somersetshire,) in which he takes a glance only at Glastonbury. One of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," has sent into the world a novel, called, "TOR HILL."

<sup>\*</sup> King Ina plated the chapel with silver, and the altar with gold. St. David expended large sums upon it.—Henry de Blois built the belfry, chapter-house, cloister, lavatory, refectory, dormitory, infirmary, the palace, outward gate, great brew-house, and several stables, all constructed with an air of grandeur. The abbey and its buildings covered an area of 60 acres. Kings, bishops, abbots, priests, and nobles, were buried here.—*Collinson, Passim.*

<sup>\*</sup> Richard Whiting, the sixtieth and last abbot, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII. was, after a mock trial, dragged on a hurdle to the Tor Hill, and there hanged, beheaded, and quartered, his head surmounting the great portal of his own abbey, and the four quarters being sent to Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgewater.—*Ibid.*

<sup>\*</sup> "King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred in Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar."—*See Wharton's 10th Ode.*

Where BLACKMORE'S VALE expands both far and wide,<sup>a</sup>  
 Well timber'd hedgerows all the fields divide ;  
 No longer dreary forest tracts deform,<sup>a</sup>  
 And howl in concert with the deaf'ning storm ;  
 Dark is the soil, the herbage rich and fine,  
 As well-fed beeves attest, and lowing kine,  
 But small the quantum subject to the plough,  
 And rare the stack yard and the barley mow.  
 If golden Ceres fills few barns with corn,  
 Pomona show'rs abundance from her horn ;  
 And fertilising streams the Naiads pour  
 From copious urns, to feed the FROME and STOUR.  
 Green are the leas, the meads, like em'ralsds sheen,  
 And yet, no sameness tires, though all be green.  
 And nought appears of any other hue,  
 Till ether's medium blends the neutral blue.  
 Like a lone isle amidst the clear green main,  
 DUNCLIFF arises from the verdant plain,  
 Or, like a haughty chieftain, looking down  
 On all beneath him, with contemptuous frown.  
 Motcombe<sup>b</sup> increases even while we gaze,  
 For craftsmen square the stone, the building raise,  
 Giving it space, with comfort to accord,  
 And make it fitting for its coming Lord.  
 The dusky vapours, circling high in air,  
 The distant villages and towns declare,

<sup>a</sup> "Great numbers of sheep and oxen are fed in the Vale of Blackmore, which is distinguished for its rich pasture, and extends from north to south, about 19 miles, and from east to west, about 14, and contains upwards of 170,000 acres; here are also some orchards, which produce excellent cyder."  
 —*Britton's Beauties of England and Wales*.

<sup>b</sup> Leland says, "This forest streached from Ivelle, into the quarters of Shaftesbyre, and touched with Gillingham forest, that is nere Shaftesbyre."—Gillingham forest, also in the vale, says the same antiquarian writer, was "Foure miles in length, and a mile, or thereboute, in bredth."

<sup>c</sup> The property of the Marquess of Westminster, now enlarging and preparing for the residence of his son, Lord Grosvenor.

And those bright specks, th' inquiring vision meets,  
 Villas denote, and farms, and country seats ;  
 Enchas'd around with chains of glorious hills,  
 The goodly picture this grand frame-work fills.—  
 Taking our leave of Blackmore's brilliant vale,  
 To old CAER PALLADWR \* we turn, and hail  
 That *shaft-like point*, from whence it takes its name,  
 In ancient days, a place of wondrous fame ;  
 Extinct its splendor now, its glory gone,  
 No more exalted is its lustrous horn ;  
 Its relics crumbled—crosses laid in dust,  
 Its tow'rs destroy'd by Time's corroding rust ;  
 A shatter'd wall is all that now remains  
 Of that rich Abbey, and its wide domains,  
 And EDWARD's shrine, where miracles were wrought,  
 (As by the superstitious herd 'twas thought,)  
 Like his sad martyr'd bones, to dust is sped,  
 And all its glories are evanished !

\* "Shaftesbury, or Shaston, as it is generally termed, is a place of very remote origin, traditionally reported to have existed long prior to the Roman invasion. By the Britons, it is said to have been called *Caer Palladwr*, a name derived from the *shaft-like* eminence, or steep hill, rising almost to a *point*, on which it is situated. In Saxon times, Shaftesbury had attained considerable celebrity, principally in consequence of the nunnery founded here, at least, as early as the reign of Alfred, if not by that monarch himself. His daughter Ethelgeda was abbess. King Athelstan allowed it the special privilege of having two mints, and a third was added in the time of the Confessor. In the days of its ancient splendor, it had twelve parish churches, including the magnificent abbey church of St. Edward the Martyr, and was much resorted to. The nunnery, (which was of the Benedictine order,) was the richest and best endowed in England ; it occupied a great extent of ground, and possessed a vast number of offices and apartments within its precincts, but scarcely the least vestige remains of its ruins. The abbess was one of the four that held of the king a whole barony, in consequence of which, she was liable to be called to parliament, but was excused, on account of her sex. Many miracles were said to be wrought at the shrine of Edward the Martyr, and the concourse of pilgrims was immense ; among these, the illustrious name of Canute, who died here, appears most conspicuous. The park belonging to the monastery still retains the name of *Park-hill*, and is of considerable extent ; at the east end, remains part of the wall that inclosed it, which, next the town, is strong, high, and embattled, and supported by very large buttresses. In other places, little more than the ruins are extant."—*Britton's Beauties of England and Wales, Passim.*

Touch'd by remorse,—resign'd his crown and state,—  
 Here CANUTE came, and here he met his fate;  
 Untold the pilgrims who would thus repair,  
 To pay the vow, and offer up the pray'r:  
 Young virgins too, in all their beauty's bloom,  
 Were here devoted to a living tomb.  
 Impious! creation's fairest works to keep  
 In cells immur'd, in cloisters buried deep,  
 Debarr'd by false religion's vows and rites,  
 Their age and sex's innocent delights.  
 As well the precious metals to confine,  
 And bid them useless lie within the mine,  
 As well in casket lock the di'mond's blaze,  
 Ne'er to emit its scintillating rays.  
 O woman! home is thy true resting place,  
 'Tis there thy brightest qualities we trace;  
 In helpless infancy, upon thy breast,  
 Our little cares and griefs are lull'd to rest;  
 In hardy manhood, it is there we find  
 The sweetest solace for the toil-worn mind;  
 We see, in thy soft sex, examples pure  
 Of constant love, and faith that will endure,  
 Of filial gratitude—religion—truth—  
 Of fortitude sublime, and gentle ruth;  
 Well dost thou imitate thy Saviour's mood,  
 And go about, intent on doing good!  
 Believ'st thou then it e'er was Heav'n's design,  
 Such worth as this in convents to confine?  
 No, like chaste Dian's lamp, her light should gleam,  
 Our shining Beacon through Time's fitful stream.—  
 Picture, my brother, one, both young and fair,  
 Forc'd to the altar, sunk in dire despair,  
 See her led forth in rich and glitt'ring guise,  
 Adorn'd like victim for the sacrifice,

How pale those cheeks, where late the roses bloom'd!  
 How pants that breast, where joy now lies entomb'd!  
 Those radiant eyes, where sweet expression play'd,  
 Are now by sorrow dimm'd, by fear dismay'd,  
 Those lips, alas! so lately ruby red,  
 Are close compress'd, and all their color fled,  
 That voice so sweet, which ev'ry heart could thrill,  
 Can scarcely murmur to the priest—I will,—  
 That graceful figure, of bewitching mien,  
 Is now bow'd down, and sadly drooping seen;  
 The nuns, like Atropos, their shears prepare,  
 To sever those bright threads of sunny hair,  
 Which cluster round a high and polish'd brow,  
 But ne'er must cluster more, when ta'en the vow.  
 Hark! the loud organ breathes in notes of praise,  
 The white rob'd choristers the anthem raise,  
 Now, the shrill trebles strike upon the ear,  
 Now, the deep bass in solemn tones we hear,  
 Till, in full chorus, all these sounds combine  
 In lofty strains of harmony divine!  
 The solemn chant, the holy mass perform'd,  
 Away the victim's led, and unadorn'd—  
 A silence dread, an awful pause the while—  
 How chang'd, when next she treads the echoing aisle;  
 Her silken robe, for coarse black weeds exchang'd,  
 A linen fillet round her brows arrang'd,  
 The jewell'd zone, which bound her slender waist,  
 By the rude cord and rosary replac'd,  
 Sandal'd her feet, her sparkling cross, alas!  
 Is now transform'd to crucifix of brass.  
 The Lady Abbess sits, in chair of state,  
 Near the high Altar, spread with costly plate,  
 The burnish'd laver,—chalice wrought in gold,  
 And pix, the consecrated host to hold;

High o'er the rest, conspicuous may you see,  
 Mankind's Redeemer on th' accursed tree.  
 From silver censers, spicy fumes arise,  
 And waxen torches flare before our eyes.—  
 List to the bell!—the ministerial priest  
 Sprinkles the veil—by him the ring is blest;  
 With these invested, down upon her knees  
 The vestal sinks—promulg'd are Heaven's decrees.  
 But she nor feels the press of spousal ring,  
 Nor hears the sisters hymeneals sing,  
 Nor heeds the fierce anathema, which now  
 The priest proclaims, if e'er she break her vow.—  
 But *let us drop the veil* o'er scenes like these,  
 And once more look on Nature, fram'd to please.  
 O! what a glorious land is this of ours,  
 Rich in exotic plants, and herbs, and flow'rs,  
 Yet there are those who murmur at our year,  
 Our fickle climate, and our atmosphere;  
 What though we boast few products of our own,  
 We cultivate the wealth of either Zone,  
 And, from this height, behold before our eyes  
 The waving foliage of a thousand skies.  
 The stately chesnut, with its spikes of bloom,  
 And poplar tall, from Southern Europe come,  
 The pensile willow, borne from the Levant,  
 The pines which clothe our hills does Norway grant,  
 The Western world,—and Asia too—adorns  
 With spreading Planes our tufted parks and lawns,<sup>d</sup>  
 And lowlier shrubs, and Flora's choicest stores,  
 From ev'ry clime, are wafted to our shores,  
 But yet, no foreign tree we can invoke,  
 Will e'er compare to Britain's native oak!—

<sup>d</sup> The *Platanus Orientalis et Occidentalis*. The former is a native of Asia, and the latter of North America.



Few objects now remain to claim our view,  
 Therefore, adieu thou beauteous spot, adieu,  
 Yet let me note yon hoar Cop, high and bare,  
 Which ne'er submitted to the plough's bright share,\*  
 Then point where WINDGREEN'S waving hills are seen,  
 Closing at length this panoramic scene!

Now, as the showman, who attempts to win  
 The gaping crowd at fairs, to enter in,  
 By specious words, by trumpet, drum, and fife,  
 And LIONS painted *twice as large as life*,  
 E'en so, perhaps, you'll think I beat *my* drum,  
 And lure you by high sounding words to come,  
 Puffing *our* LIONS to enormous size,  
 And making mole-hills into mountains rise.  
 Not so in truth—alas! my “prose insane,”†  
 To do them common justice strives in vain;  
 Far better cause, I ween, will draw you here,  
 Prospects more bright, and interests more dear,  
 That sympathetic chain, whose links can bind,  
 The distant heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
 That kindred blood, which, faithful to its laws,  
 Attracts like lodestar, like the magnet draws.  
 Then let me claim some disencumber'd hours,  
 And share, with other friends, your social pow'rs,  
 Since saltant bands no longer circling meet,  
 Nor valtzers, twining in gyrations fleet;  
 Since vocal strains and instruments of sound,  
 No more in sweetest harmony resound;  
 Though well I know more sublimated joy,  
 Pleasures e'en more refin'd your time employ,  
 When by the *Greenbank*‡ side you stroll at eve,  
 And amaranthine wreaths of bliss you weave,

\* Melbury Hill.

† Byron.

‡ A Residence so called.

Ah ! here alas ! I fear we most shall fail,  
 For no *such* flow'rs perfume our ev'ning gale,  
 No *such* attractive sweets are spread around,  
 No *such* fair plants upon our banks abound ;  
 But yet the botanist might here delight,  
 To trace the flow'rets op'ning to the light,  
 Which burst in rich profusion wild and rank,  
 Decking with brilliant colors each *green bank*.  
 And might not faithful swain who fondly loves,  
 Thus liken, as through Nature's paths he roves,  
 His fair one's charms to each enamell'd leaf,  
 And thus, in absence, find some sweet relief ?  
 'Twas so the ancient poets would compare  
 The twining tendrils to their Daphne's hair,  
 The blushing rose to cheeks as fresh as they,  
 Her eyes to violets, and her breath to May.  
 Then think, O think, the joy, the bliss, how great,  
 When doating lovers after absence meet !  
 Come then, once more I say, nor dare refuse,  
 Lest you incur the vengeance of the Muse,  
 That Muse, who, in *court suit* attends *your* will,  
 But here is seen in *slipshod dishabille*,  
 And yet I trust, I shall not *court* in vain,  
 Nor fail *my suit* most fully to obtain.

FINIS.




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## ERRATA.

- PAGE 9, line 21, *for* "vallies," *read* "valleys."
- 15, note 1, *for* "Boadice," *read* "Boadicea."
- 28, last line, *for* "thy'll," *read* "they'll."
- 32, line 7, *for* "knows't," *read* "know'st."
- 37, note i, *for* "hand," *read* "haud."
- 38, last line, *for* "Spaniards," *read* "Spaniard's."
- 48, line 5, *for* "waving," *read* "wavy."



9 126 72













